

THE CLIFTON CLARION.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1885.

HUMOR.

Little Lilly—"Don't you think, doctor, that I look just like my mamma?" Mother—"Hush, child, don't be vain."

A little Boston boy being asked why Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, replied: "Because she was too fresh, I guess."

The old man now is looking glum. And every day he's glummer.

His wife and daughters want to know where they're going to spend the summer.

Weddings resulting from chance acquaintances made during summer vacations may well be published under the head of "casualties."

"Mamma," said Johnnie, who had just been reading the war news, "I am afraid we are short of sauce for supper. Hadn't you better call out the preserves?"

Sunset Cox and Roscoe Conkling go abroad on the same steamer. This was a steamer from which all private craft should keep away. With the Columbiad on deck and the Shotgun in the rigging it can defy anything.

They had been married six weeks, and she said: "Now don't oo stay out late, but come home to our 'little wifey, tifee'." They had been married six years, and she said: "If you go out to-night, Smith, I'm going to lock up the house and go over and sleep at mother's."

Two little boys talking: "Say, Johnnie, would you strike a woman?" "No, sir; you bet I wouldn't. No man would unless he was a coward." "Well, I would. I'd strike my own mother." "What for, you wicked, wicked boy?" "I'd strike her for a nickle to buy a kite-string with."—Exchange.

Little Girl from Chicago—"Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours." Little Girl from Boston—"No, it isn't. My mother can boast of her forefathers for the last two centuries." Little Girl from Chicago—"O, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years."

"My daughter, what made you look around in Trinity church so much this morning? It disturbed me. What could you have been thinking of?" "Well, I happened to think what a nice skating rink it would make if all the pews were taken out. Don't you think it would be just elegant?"

A Texas widow dressed in deep mourning after the death of her husband. An old friend of the family, a minister, meeting the widow, said solemnly: "You have no idea how I regret to see you wearing these sad habiliments of woe." "You can't be as sad about it as I am," responded the widow. "I look worse in black than any other color."

We have heard of a man being assaulted with almost every conceivable weapon, from a lighted lamp to a brickbat, and we even recall an old song in which the singer was wont to threaten to strike his audience with a feather or to stab them with a rose; but it remained for a Cambridge young man to be fined for assaulting a lady with a sunbeam reflected from a mirror held in his hands.

Mr. Miller was bitten by his wife's dog, and the lady was so much exercised about it that she called in the doctor and stated the case to him. "Well, madam," said that gentleman, "I can't say what the result will be, but you can determine if he has hydrophobia by offering him water." "How can I tell by that?" "Simply enough; if he rejects the water with horror the dreadful disease has enchaind him." "But, doctor, my husband is a Kentuckian!" "O—ah—excuse me. I never thought of that. Call again this afternoon. I must look up the authorities."

Oregon, where the Indian question is settled, is prospering. For ten weeks past the arrivals there by rail, ocean and wagon have averaged a thousand a week, and the tide slowly swells as the season advances. If Arizona had a good name abroad, and the proper means to develop all our resources, including olive, grape and fruit-tree culture, we would speedily have an industrious and dense population.—Index.

The St. Louis clergymen have combined to protest against an excess of base ball, beer, cowboy and Ingersoll. On a recent Sunday, while the aggregate attendance at the churches in that city was not more than ten thousand, forty thousand people witnessed a cowboy exhibition at the fair ground, twenty thousand attended various base ball games, twenty thousand spent the day in beer gardens and five thousand heard two lectures by Robert G. Ingersoll.—Exchange.

There is not the slightest certainty that any invention, however terrible, would put an end to war; while there is almost a certainty that if such an invention were perfected it would grievously increase the miseries of mankind. Taken in the lump, men will face any means of destruction whatsoever, if also they possess it themselves. Give two men pistols and they will fight across a handkerchief. They are not afraid of death, but only of death without a chance of victory. King Theodore, of Abyssinia, asked his courtiers when the rocket-sticks fell at his feet, if he could be reasonably expected to face things like those, and, ultimately, in pure despair of defeating science with unscientific weapons, killed himself; but if he also had possessed rockets he would have fought on. No men, not even Prussian soldiers or English sailors, will face shells without shells to throw back; but when they have shells they face the enemy's shells as bravely as they did the old round shot. The methods of war are changed by science, but war is not extinguished. Suppose it true that able chemists and mechanicians could invent a method of throwing an asphyxiating vapor on a sleeping army, what would be the result? First, the adoption of some protective covering, such as iron-clad huts for sleeping in; next, the adoption of a method of encamping which spread the army over a surface too great or too uneven to be reached; and next, the use of similar mechanicians and chemists as the assailing force. Huxley would march with his fishermen to choke Tyndall with his Alpine climbers. War would then consist mainly of efforts to obtain advantageous positions, from which showers of death would be thrown, but war would not cease. Forlorn hopes would be organized among chemists or other mechanicians as easily as among soldiers, enormous rewards would be paid to the new warriors and nations would fight each other as briskly as ever.—London Spectator.

It is truly astonishing, the swiftness with which the world frowns down the loser. Mr. Gladstone, of England, has been all but deified for years. Who dared to say a word against him? He was the idol of the people, the infallible mentor of the Queen. Presto! Change! The Queen has always disliked Mr. Gladstone. The people are crazy with delight that he has been superseded. But they waited with religious awe, until the deed was done, before they ventured to give utterance to their feelings. If any world could be more disgusting, more time-serving than this, we should like to see it—as a curiosity. Of all the brilliant spheres which we gaze on nightly from our poor earthly standpoint, it is not allowable to think that in them men are the same fearful, careful, tondying sort! Gladstone is no longer the Grand Old Man. He is "out," which means everything.

With all its sorrow and sufferings, its hardships and deprivations, its sighs and tears, its "ragged sleeve" and "ragged edge," man clings to life with a strange pertinacity. It has for him a fascination that enthralles and enslaves, even while he cries out at times in despair and utter hopelessness. The truth of this cannot find better exemplification than in the fact that he loves life so dearly that he is possessed of an intense desire to continue it in another world. The simplest reflex action of the mind prompts races to evolve a scheme of life hereafter in which all the ills of the flesh shall be shaken off and the sweets of this life find intensification. So the Greek evolved his Elysian Fields, the Norseman his Walhalla, the Arab his Paradise, the red Indian his Happy Hunting Ground.—Exchange.

Secretary Van Arman, of Arizona, now visiting San Francisco, in speaking of the Territory's affairs, says: "The era of prosperity it has entered on insures it a prominent position in the western division of our country. Under Governor Trillo's rule, peace and quiet have succeeded a reign of terror and made Arizona a synonym for rapine and murder." Secretary Van Arman thinks that the Indians should be placed entirely under civic control. They should be granted a certain portion of land and made to depend on themselves for their own support. The balance of the immense San Carlos reservation should be thrown open for white settlement.

The Society of Pioneers, at Tucson, by a close vote, elected ex-Delegate Oury to go to Washington and lay before the administration our grievances from Indians.

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